

THANKSGIVING DAY

With grateful hearts let all give thanks, All lands, all stations, and all ranks: And the cry comes up along the way, For what shall we give thanks to-day?

For peace and plenty, busy mills, The cattle on a thousand hills, For bursting barns, wherein is stored The golden grain, a precious hoard: Give thanks!

For orchards bearing rosy fruit, For yielding pod and toothsome root, And all that God declares is good In bill or dale, or field or wood: Give thanks!

For water bright and sweet and clear, A million fountains far and near, For gracious streamlets, lakes, and rills That flow from everlasting hills: Give thanks!

For summer dews and timely frost, The sun's bright beams, not one ray lost, For willing hands to sow the seed And reap the harvest, great indeed: Give thanks!

For hearth and home—love's altar fires— For loving children, thoughtful sires; For tender mothers, gentle wives, Who fill our hearts with bliss our lives: Give thanks!

For heaven's care, life's journey through, For health and strength to dare and do, For ears to hear, for eyes to see, Earth's beauties things of land and sea: Give thanks!

—M. A. Kidder.

BESSIE'S THANKSGIVING.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.



MOST diffident and modest knock it was. Perhaps because it was so very diffident, so very modest, irritated all the more the peculiarly alert nerves of Mr. Godfrey Kirke.

An elderly woman entered the room. She had a small, pale, withered face; a kind face, though, pleasant, gentle. She was dressed in a worn dark gown. The net fichu, crossed over her slender shoulders, was clasped by an old-fashioned medallion.

"To-morrow will be Thanksgiving- eve," she said; "I wished to know if I might prepare for the day after."

An originally handsome apartment, this in which the old man sat, and it had been handsomely furnished. Now both the room and its belongings bore the mark of creeping poverty, or extreme penuriousness. The master of the house, seated by the center table, seemed to share the character of the room. He, too, had been handsome once. Now he was expressive only of age and indigence, from the threadbare collar of his limp dressing-gown to the tips of his thin and shabby slippers.

"Prepare what?" he growled.

"Why a turkey, sir; or a pie, or—a bit of cranberry-sauce, sir—"

He looked so fierce, her words died in her throat.

"Turkey! And where do you suppose I can get the money to spend on turkey? And pie! To make us all sick, and bring doctors and doctors' bills down on me! And, with a sniff of disgust, 'cranberry sauce—the skinny stuff! No, Mr. Dotty. A bit of bacon and some bread will be good enough for poor folks like us—good enough."

His housekeeper, for that was the unenviable position Mrs. Dotty occupied in Godfrey Kirke's household, resolved to make one last appeal.



"OH, COME IN, COME IN!" HE CRIED.

"But I thought perhaps on account of the child," she began.

"The child—the child!" he repeated, frantically, "I'm sick of hearing about her."

Indignation made Mrs. Dotty quite bold for once.

"She's your own granddaughter, sir. That's what she is."

"Well, I didn't ask for her, did I? I never wanted to adopt her. What right had her mother to make such a poor hand of herself by marrying Tom Barrett, and then come back to die here, and leave me her girl? Eh? She's an expense, I tell you; that's all. An expense!"

"The Lord help us, but he's getting worse than ever!" murmured the woman, as, with a bang that was downright disrespectful, she slammed the door behind her.

"You—you, Miss Bessie!"

She started, as she looked up, and saw Bessie Barrett standing so near her. She was a slim, brown-haired little thing, of about seventeen. She was clad in a made gown of coarse maroon cashmere. Her eyes were large, gray, just now very sorrowful. Her lashes and brows were quite black. The delicate features had a pinched look, and the pretty lips were paler than should be the lips of one so young.

"Yes; and I—heard." "Oh, don't—don't mind, dear!" said Mrs. Dotty, soothingly, putting a hand that looked like wrinkled ivory on the girl's arm. "He is just a cross, soured, lonely old man."

"I do mind!" Bessie passionately cried. "Oh, I do! I sha'n't stay here! I sha'n't be an expense to him any longer. I will go away somewhere!"

She broke down in a fit of bitter weeping.

"Now, Miss Bessie, dear, you mustn't cry that way; you really mustn't. I loved your mother before you, and I love you."

But the poor, little, old comforter was almost crying herself.

Years before, the Kirkes were the people of wealth and position in that part of the country. But one trouble after another had come upon the house. First, the wife of the master died. Maud, the daughter, married a man whose only crime was poverty. He was a frail, scholarly man, quite unfitted for a fierce struggle against adverse fortune. He fell ill and died. A year later his wife followed him, leaving their child to his grandfather, Godfrey Kirke. To the latter had come the final blow when his only son Robert, his hope and pride, had run away to sea. Then in the house, which since the death of the mistress had been a cheerless and dreary place, began a rigid reign of miserliness and consequent misery.

Bessie broke from her friend and ran upstairs and into her own little bare room. There was no fire in the grate, though the day was cold with the penetrating damp of a wind from off the ocean. She went to the window and stood there looking out across the flat brown marshes, to where the waters tossed, greenish and turbulent.

"A horrid day," she said, with a shiver, "but it can't be worse out than in."

She put on a short old Astrahan jacket, a little felt hat and a pair of much-mended cloth gloves. Then she went quickly down and out.

The dusk, the dreary November dusk, was filling the room when the old man, plodding over his accounts, laid down his pencil and rang the bell. Mrs. Dotty responded. Mr. Kirke kept but one other servant (if Mrs. Dotty could correctly be termed a servant), and she absolutely refused to enter the protesting presence of her master.

"Tea!"

"Yes, sir."

The meek housekeeper withdrew. Ten minutes later she brought in a tray on which were tea, bread, butter, two cups, two saucers and two plates. Mr. Kirke poured out his tea, shook a little of the sugar he was about to use back in the old silver bowl, added carefully a few drops of milk and cut a slice of bread.

"Butter has gone up three cents in the last week," he said. "I can't afford to use butter."

So he munched his bread dry, with a sense of exaltation in his self-imposed penance. He would not open the poorhouse-door for himself by using butter. But, somehow, the rank tea tasted ranker than usual. Surely the bread was sour. And the gloom outside the small circle that the lamplight illumined seemed singularly dense. What was wrong? What was missing? What was different? He paused, his hand falling by his side. The child—as he and Mrs. Dotty had always called her—the child was not here. She used to slip in so quietly, take her seat, and when her meager supper was over, glide away just as softly. Yes, little as he noticed her, she was generally there. He rang the bell sharply.

"Where is she?" he asked Mrs. Dotty, when she popped in her mild old head. There was no need to particularize. Mrs. Dotty cast a swift, searching look around.

"Isn't she here?"

Without waiting for a reply, she turned and ran up the stairs to Bessie's room. There she knocked. No answer. She opened the door, went in. The room was empty.

Hastily she descended the stairs.

"She's not in, sir."

"Where is she?"

"I don't know, sir."

Impatiently Godfrey Kirke pushed his chair back from the table.

"You ought to know; it's your business to know. But it doesn't matter—it doesn't matter in the least."

Down to Hauna in the kitchen went Mrs. Dotty.

"Did you see Miss Bessie?"

"Yes'm. Passin' westward a couple of hours ago—yes'm."

"Oh!"

Mrs. Dotty breathed a relieved sigh. Bessie had probably gone to Rose Dever's house. The Devers lived almost a mile away. As a storm was blowing up she would most likely stay there over night.

About ten o'clock Mr. Kirke's bell again tingled out. Again Mrs. Dotty appeared before him.

"Has the child come in?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know why she went out?"

"I suspect, sir."

"Well, speak up."

"She overheard our conversation to-day."

"What of it?"

"Nothing of it," with a very angry flash from very faded eyes, "except that she vowed she would be an expense to you no longer."

"She did, eh?"

"Well, grimly, 'I hope she won't!'"

The child had a sulky fit. She was probably at the house of some neighbor. She would return when her tantrum had passed off. All this he told himself. Still he sat in his lonely room till long after midnight, listening, listening. When he finally went to bed it was to roll and moan till daylight, in the vague wretchedness of unhappy dreams.

Noon—the noon before Thanksgiving eve—came, went. Bessie did not return.

All forenoon it rained. Toward evening the rain ceased, and a fog, a chill,

smoky, blinding fog, began to creep up from the Atlantic.

"If you don't mind," said Mrs. Dotty, making her appearance with a shawl over her head, "I'll just run over to Devers' and see 'what is keeping Miss Bessie.'"

"Do!" he answered.

She had spoken as if the distance were not worth considering, but it was quite a journey for her. When she returned she looked white and scared.

"She isn't there—hasn't been."

"Hark!" said Godfrey Kirke, holding up one lean hand.

"That is only the carrier with the flour."

"Ask him if he has seen her!"

Mrs. Dotty went into the hall. Almost instantly she returned.

"He has not. He says there is the body of a young woman at the town morgue."

"What!"

Godfrey Kirke leaped from his chair.

"He says that the body of a young girl was found in the East Branch to-day."

Godfrey Kirke sank back in his seat. Mrs. Dotty smiled a hard little smile to herself as she closed the door and went away. She knew how many friends Bessie had. She shrewdly suspected if she were not found at one place she would be at another; and she was maliciously and pleasantly conscious that she had given the hard-hearted old man a genuine scare.

Long the latter sat where she had left him. Thinking. For the first time in years he was thinking, sadly, seriously, solemnly. Than's-giving-eve! In his wife's time the house used to be gay and cheerful on that night, so filled with comfort and bright anticipations, so odoriferous with the homely fragrance of good things in the kitchen, so delightfully merry with the brisk bustle attendant on the morrow's festivity. Now it was desolate, dreary, darksome with depressing and unutterable gloom. Whose fault was it? His! He decided Godfrey Kirke, as savagely relentless to himself in this moment as he would have been to another. His!

He looked around the dim, shabby room. He looked at the dying fire in the grate. He wondered of what use would be to him now his twenty-thousand in bonds, his eight hundred acres of meadow land, the money he had cut at interest. He rose in a dazed kind of way, a shallow purpose-taking definiteness in his mind. He wished he had been better to Bessie; he wished—but what was the use of wishing now? There could be but one satisfactory answer to all his self-condemnation. A shot from the revolver in the drawer yonder, that he had always kept in readiness for possible burglars. He rose. He moved toward the table. His figure cast a fantastic shadow on the wall. The tears were streaming down his cheeks. There might be Thanksgiving for his death, though there could never have been any for his life.

Hark!

He had the weapon in his hand. He started nervously. Was that Bessie's voice? He turned, dropping the revolver with a clatter. Yes, there she was, not three feet away, fresh, fair, damp, smiling.

"It is the queerest thing," she said, coming toward him as she spoke. "I felt—badly—yesterday, and I went over to Mrs. Farnham's to see if she could get me work. I met Mrs. Nelson, and she asked me to go home with her. Dicky was ill, and she wanted me to stay over night. She sent you a note. At least she sent the boy with it, but he lost it, and only told her so this afternoon. As soon as I knew that I started home alone—although Dicky was no better."

"Yes!" said Godfrey Kirke. He was listening with an unusual degree of interest.

"And to-night, when I was almost here, (Nelson's is quite two miles away, you know), I got lost in the fog."

Her grandfather regarded her in amazement. What made her pale cheeks so bright! What excitement had blackened her gray eyes?

"And—a gentleman who was coming here found me, and—and brought me home. Please thank him, grandpa. Here he is!"

With an incredulous, gasping cry, Godfrey Kirke retreated, as a big brown, muscular fellow came dashing in from the hall.

"Robert!"

"Father!"

Then they were clasped in each other's arms.

"I'm back from the sea for good,

father. And I chanced to find my little niece Bessie lost out there in the fog. A young lady, I vow! And I was thinking of her as a mere baby yet! Just think! She tells me Charlie Nelson sees 'what is keeping Miss Bessie.'"

"No! Well, Charlie is a fine fellow. He can have her—a year from to-day."

So now you know why the Kirke homestead is dazzling with lights and flowers, and why it resounds with laughter this Thanksgiving: why old Godfrey



wears a brand-new suit, and a flower in his buttonhole; why Robert, in his rightful place, looked so proud and pleased; why dear, busy little Mrs. Dotty beams benignly; why Bessie, gowned in snowy, shining silk, thinks this is a lovely old world after all; why Charlie Nelson is so blessedly content, and why in each and every heart reigns supreme Thanksgiving.—The Ledger.

Thanksgiving: Roast Pig.

Take a choice fat pig six weeks old, not younger, though it may be a little older. Have it carefully killed and dressed, and thoroughly washed. Trim out carefully with a sharp, narrow-bladed knife the inside of the mouth and ears, cut out the tongue and chop off the end of the snout. Rub the pig well with a mixture of salt, pepper and pounded sage, and sprinkle it rather liberally with red pepper, and a dash outside, too.

Make a rich stuffing of bread crumbs—corn bread stuffing is de rigueur for pig, though you can put half of one and half of the other inside of Mr. Piggy if somebody insists on loaf bread stuffing. If you use corn bread, have a thick, rich pone of bread baked, and crumble it as soon as it is cool enough to handle, season it highly with black and red pepper, sage, thyme, savory, marjoram, minced onion—just enough to flavor it, and plenty of fresh butter; moisten it well with stock, cream, or even hot water. Stuff the pig well and sew it up closely.

If you have a tin roaster and open fire, the pig will be roasted by that much better. If you have not, put the pig in a long pan and set it in the oven, and leave the stove door open until the pig begins to cook, gradually closing the door, so that the cooking will not be done too fast. The pig must be well dredged with flour when put in the pan. Mix some flour and butter together in a plate, and pour about a quart of hot water in the pan with the pig when it is put on the fire. Have a larding-mop in the plate of flour and butter, and mop the pig frequently with the mixture while it is roasting.

If a roaster is used, set it about two feet from the fire at first, but continue to move it nearer and nearer as the pig cooks. Baste it frequently with the water in the pan betweenwhiles of mopping with flour and butter.

To be sure the pig is done, thrust a skewer through the thickest part of him; if no pink or reddish juice oozes out it is done, and ought to be a rich brown all over. When the pig is done pour the gravy in a saucepan and cook it sufficiently. This will not be necessary if the pig was cooked in the stove oven. The pig's liver may be boiled in well salted water, pounded up, and added to the gravy, which should be very savory and plentiful.

The pig should be invariably served with baked sweet potatoes and plenty of good pickle and sauce, either mushroom or green pepper catsup, for despite his toothlessness, roast pig is not very safe eating without plenty of red pepper.—Good Housekeeper.

An Informal Repast.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Brown, "you would like me to wear a new dress at this Thanksgiving dinner you are going to give!"

"Can't afford it," growled old Brown. "As long as you have the turkey well dressed you will pass muster."—Judge.

The Thanksgiving Turkey.

As Thanksgiving Day walks down this way the strutting turkey is ill at ease: "I'm poor as the turkey of Job," says he; "Tough and unfit to eat, you see; I gobble no more of my pedigree. Last some poor fellow should goode me; And a turkey lizzard I think I'll be. For the present, if you please."—Binghamton Republican.

Cause for Thanksgiving.

Sunday-school Teacher—"Willie, have you had anything during the week to be especially thankful for?"

Willie—"Yes'm, Johnny Podgers sprained his wrist and I licked him for the first time yesterday."—Burlington Free Press.

A Thought For the Sea-son.

He in whose store of blessings there may be Enough, and yet to spare, B'giving, with a gentle curtesy, Upon the poor a square, By all the gladness that his gifts provide Will have his own thanksgiving multiplied.

Tommy's Dream on Thanksgiving Night

"Robert!"

"Father!"

Then they were clasped in each other's arms.

"I'm back from the sea for good,

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The net debt of Canada is reported to be \$27,784,950.

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FRANK J. CHENEY, Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON.

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Advertisement for St. Jacobs Oil. Text: "No use denying there is no Remedy the equal of St. Jacobs Oil for the Prompt and Permanent Cure of Pains and Aches. They all Testify to the Efficacy of the World-famous Swift's Specific." Includes illustration of a man holding a bottle.

Advertisement for Shiloh's Cure. Text: "SHILOH'S CURE. Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee." Includes illustration of a bottle.

Advertisement for Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root. Text: "DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT. THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE. Pain in the Back, Kidney Complaint, Urinary Troubles, Disordered Liver." Includes illustration of a man.

Advertisement for Good Paper Hangers. Text: "WANTED - Good Paper Hangers. Our Goods on commission, or as local agents. F. H. CADY, 305 HIGH STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I."

Advertisement for Syrup of Figs. Text: "SYRUP OF FIGS. ONE ENJOYS Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation." Includes illustration of a woman.

Advertisement for California Fig Syrup Co. Text: "CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y." Includes illustration of a bottle.

Advertisement for a Mineral Spring. Text: "I want to Buy a Mineral Spring. Containing Lithia. Send analysis. State price. Give name and distance of nearest railroad station. James Gault 365 Canal St. N.Y."

Advertisement for Pisco's Cure. Text: "PISCO'S CURE FOR Consumption and people who have weak lungs or asthma, should use Pisco's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It is not sold in one bottle. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere, 25c." Includes illustration of a bottle.

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Advertisement for Patents. Text: "PATENTS. Institute of Sherkland. No. 104 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa. Graham and Patman systems. Private and mail instructions. Special speed classes for all writers. Good positions for competent students. PATENTS! PENNSYLVANIA—Send for Invention or how to obtain a Patent. Send for Digest of PENNSYLVANIA and OHIO LAWS. PATENTS! W. T. Fitzgerald, Washington, D. C. 40-page book free." Includes illustration of a man.

Advertisement for Opium. Text: "OPIMUM. Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio." Includes illustration of a bottle.

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